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tense-sequence is badly handled. The volume bears the *Nihil Obstat* of the Catholic censor and the signature of Cardinal Farley. But without this it would still quite evidently be an attempt to produce a Catholic, popular *Life* which might displace Sabatier's. This one will never displace it for those who care to know the real St. Francis.

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ROMANCE AND REALITY. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

If this volume of essays is not a very praiseworthy production, it is because the *genre* makes such great demands. The essay is to prose what the sonnet is to poetry. It must not only be "of its own arduous fullness reverent," but it must be masterly in form. Arnold's essays and Pater's still remain supreme achievements, and all our American essayists and most of the living English essayists have perfection still to seek.

The best of the essays contained in the volume are the literary introductions to Maeterlinck, Chesterton, Wells, and Robert Blatchford. In these the author achieves swift condensations of essential points and a power of quite vivid portraiture. He gives the essence of Maeterlinck, whose acute sense of the reality of the soul came to his contemporaries almost as a new revelation, when he says of him, "Everything for him has spiritual significance, yet never for a moment does he pretend to revealed or superhuman knowledge; he is untiring in his watchfulness, but brings no news of final certainty."

The portrait of Chesterton, who lends himself so easily both to heroic portraiture and caricature, strikes a happy medium and is done to the life.

The *Essays Utopian*, which open the book, are ephemeral and belong of their nature to periodical literature and not to a bound book. The section "Peter—Pantheism" just misses the charm which the truly child-like nature captures. Barrie or William Canton could have taken these subjects and touched them with magic, but here it is lacking, and the material is too slight to last.

It is again the wizard's touch which is lacking to bring the section boldly called after George Meredith's *Readings of Earth* up to the point where it might claim the attention of a serious reader. Either strong emotion in the face of nature or exceptional powers of observation are the *sine qua non* of the nature-essay. The book contains essays above the average of those furnished us by the periodicals, but as a book the volume would hardly have a right to permanent shelf-room in the library of a literature-lover.

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HADJI MURAD. THE LIGHT THAT SHINES IN DARKNESS. By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by Aylmer Maude. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1912.

Rarely has a great master fallen into such incompetent and unsympathetic hands as Tolstoy. As if his other-worldliness were of itself not enough to make nine-tenths of the world misunderstand him, he must have all his manuscripts handled by one who never misses an occasion to belittle. Aylmer Maude is neither an understanding commentator nor a good translator. "The foot-notes," he writes in the introduction to *Hadji Murad*, "are not a part of the original work, but belong to the